The Collector

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IT WAS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT, THE KIND THAT SPAWN STORIES OF EVIL AND DREAD. HOWLING AUTUMN WINDS SENT AN OLD TREE'S LIMBS SCRATCHING ACROSS A WINDOW. WHILE INSIDE YOUNG KATHY BARD RESTLESSLY LAY IN BED.

TOSSING AND TURNING UNDER A THICK LAYER OF BLANKETS AND STUFFED ANIMALS SHE CURLED UP IN A BALL AND WONDERED WHAT WAS OUT THERE WAITING FOR HER IN THE SHADOWS OF HER ROOM, ALL THE WHILE PICKING AT AN EMPTY SPACE BETWEEN HER TEETH WITH HER TONGUE.

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OH SURE. THERE'S NO MONSTERS UNDER THE BED', BUT MOM DIDN'T SAY NUTHIN' ABOUT THE CLOSET

KLICK

WHAT WAS THAT? MOMMY? IS THAT YOU?

I KNEW IT. THERE'S GOTTA BE SOMETHIN' IN THE CLOSET!

WHEW. MUSTA JUST BEEN THE WIND.

BACK 5

KATHLEEN AGNES BARD? I HAVE COME FOR-
AUGHHHH! MOOMMMMY!
SHHH... QUITE CHILD, I AM NOT HERE TO HURT YOU.
WHO... WHO ARE YOU?
I'M A COLLECTOR OF SORTS. I HAVE COME FOR SOMETHING OF YOURS KATHY. FOR I AM... THE TOOTH FAIRY.
HOW THE HELL ARE YOU THE TOOTH FAIRY?
YOU SHOULDN'T SWEAR YOUNG ONE. IT IS RUDE AND UNLADYLIKE. BUT THIS IS NOT MY PLACE. I AM ONLY HERE TO COLLECT THE TOOTH AND REIMBURSE YOU WITH A QUARTER.

BUT YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE THE TOOTH FAIRY! WHERE'S YER CROWN AND MAGIC WAND??
IT'S A LONG STORY, THERE WAS SORT OF A MIX UP
MOVE IT YOU DISCO-LOVING FREAKS! ONWARD TO VICTORY AND THE GLORY OF ALL THAT IS EVIL!
THE END!